BELFAST MOUNTAINS.

'TWAS near yon Belfaſt Mountains,
I heard a maid complain,
Making ſad Lamentation,
Down by a purling Stream;
Wringing her hands and crying—
" O Johnny dear, farewell!
" 'Tis upon Belfaſt Mountains
" My ſorrows I will tell."

" My dear, I'm ſorry for you,
" That you for me ſhould grieve
" But I'm engaged already,
" And you I can't relieve."
" Since it be ſo, Dear Johnny;
" For ever I'm undone;
" Compell'd by ſhame and ſcandal,
" I ſhall diſtracted run.

" I will give you a Diamond,
" That in the Rocks do grow,
" If my pretty Iriſh Laddie
" Some Love to me would ſhew."
Her arms ſhe claſped round him,
Their lips ſo ſweetly join,
" O this pretty Iriſh Laddie
" Has won this heart of mine."

" My pretty Iriſh Damſel,
" No longer now complain,
" I never will forſake you,
" Nor treat you with diſdain;
" So now we'll live in pleaſure,
" In peace and unity,
" And for ever will we wander
" On Belfaſt Mountains High."

J. Jennings, Printer, Sheffield.